

NEW RAINES LAW LED TO SUICIDE.

Caesar Ardigio Leaped from a Window of Carnegie Music Hall.

HE FELL EIGHT STORIES.
He Believed Himself to Be Ruined by the Amendments to the Liquor Law.

FALLING BODY SEEN BY PASSERS
The Man Had Just Before Vainly Tried to Borrow Sufficient Money to Make His Hotel Meet the New Regulations.

Caesar Ardigio yesterday afternoon jumped from an eighth-story window of Carnegie Hall and was instantly killed. There was \$94 in his pocket, but he had decided that he was too poor to live. He believed the passing of the recent Raines law amendments would inevitably ruin him.

Mr. E. Karanagh, of the Windermere, and J. S. Mason, of No. 37 West Forty-eighth street, were walking along Fifty-sixth street when they saw a body falling through the air from a lofty window of Carnegie Hall. It shot down head first to the roof of an adjoining livery stable. There was no cry during the descent, nor when the body struck. The man's neck was broken and death was instantaneous. Charles G. Testera, who is manager of the Carnegie Hall restaurant, identified the body.

Ardigio was manager of a saloon and Raines law hotel at No. 108 West Twenty-ninth street. The place was also known as a "hotel exchange," being an agency for the supplying of waiters. The recent legislation at Albany convinced Ardigio that all was lost, and that he could neither conduct a hotel nor find any business in plucking waiters. He had for several years been in trouble with his wife, having unsuccessfully sued for divorce and afterward been ordered to pay \$3 a week. This added to the irritation of his nerves.

He was ill on Saturday, and his friends say, spoke of little but the Raines law. He seemed to be in a state of mind, and went to the Carnegie Hall restaurant early yesterday afternoon. He told Mr. Testera of the ill-fortunes he saw confronting him, and for several years been in trouble with his wife, having unsuccessfully sued for divorce and afterward been ordered to pay \$3 a week. This added to the irritation of his nerves.

LEAPED FROM A WINDOW.
Young Nuofer Then Led the Policeman a Chase—Committed to Bellevue.

John Nuofer, twenty-three years old, of Jerome avenue and One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street, leaped from a window on Saturday evening and was yesterday assigned at Harlem Police Court on a charge of insanity. His family have for some time suspected that he was not quite right mentally.

He went to his room on Saturday evening, locked the door, and then began screaming from the window. Policeman Gallagher was summoned, and the young man threw himself from the window and ran yelling down the street.

It was only after a long chase and a hard struggle that he was caught and overpowered. Magistrate Flamminger committed him to Bellevue for examination.

A GRANT STAND FREE.
The EVENING JOURNAL will provide a stand free at the Grant Memorial ceremonies for the orphans and descendants of soldiers who fought under General Grant.

The stand will be on the West Drive, Riverside Park, north of the Tomb. Any of those who have not yet received invitations will please call at the EVENING JOURNAL office before noon to-day.

This invitation is extended to children between the ages of nine and fifteen years. It would be well if some credential, showing that they are descendants of General Grant's old soldiers, is brought with them.

LONG ISLAND'S BOLD, BAD DEER.

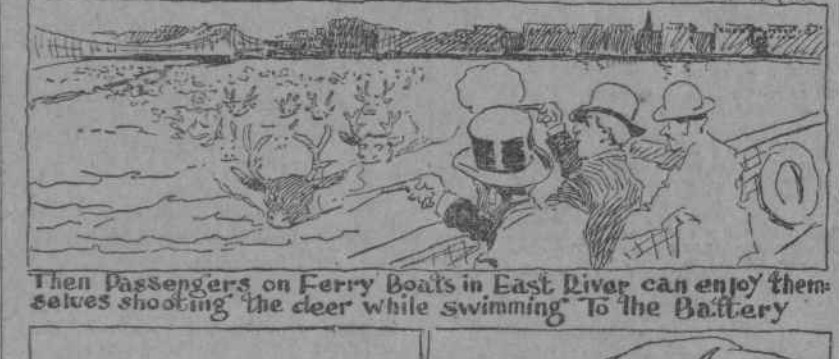
Discarding Their Popular Character for Bashfulness, They Ravage the Cultivated Fields—The Miserable Case of Farmers Sebek and Hubal, Whose Scarecrows Had the Stuffing Eaten Out of Them by the Wanton Bucks.

HERETOFORE the deer has always been exploited as a timid, shrinking creature with wide startled eyes, ever ready to flee from the haunts of man or drop dead of heart disease in his presence. Bullets from Sayville, L. I., explode this poetic theory and show that the deer has no more sentiment of the bosky dell sort than a Kansas grasshopper. Game laws have spoiled him.

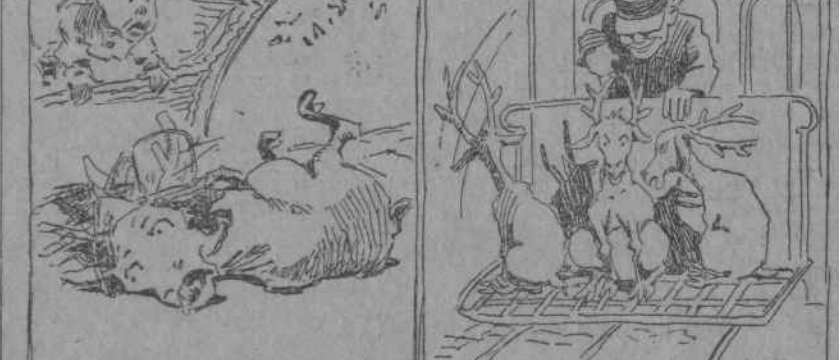
A deer epidemic is said to be raging at Sayville and vicinity, in the face of which the peasantry is powerless. The animals are eating the farmers out of house and home, devastating the land and even cropping the juicy herbage in the front yards of the citizens of Sayville. Blase old bucks, grown weary of forest



This will... soon be a common scene along the streets of Long Island City. Will make Practical use of them



The deer would annoy the babies in Central Park dreadfully, getting tangled in the Baby Carriages



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solitudes, go down to Sayville and make a night of it, leaving dead and hapless fawns to the mercy of lightning bugs and other terrors of the woods. And when the pale dawn streaks the Eastern sky these degenerate bucks reel home full of green corn, cucumbers, young outons and sweet potato vines.

Large fields of growing grain have been swept from the face of nature in a single night by these pests from the forest glades. Corn lands bordering on the Long Island woods are populated with grotesque dummy figures that would cause a black crow to turn white in two minutes, but the marauding deer stroll up singly and in droves and nonchalantly eat the straw stuffing from the scarecrows. Truly the deer of Sayville, when pressed with hunger, is a wonder in his way.

The farmers are not allowed to shoot the pests that threaten to blight their lives. There is a law against the wanton slaughter of deer, so the farmers in their wrath throw clods at the invaders. Sometimes

enter the fields, Sebek and Hubal put up scarecrows made of straw and hay, but the deer brought their families to view these exhibits and join in the midnight lunch. Then the farmers got torched and watched their efforts to fields. By the light thus kindly furnished the deer ate more than ever, and eventually the crops were ruined. Messrs Sebek and Hubal don't know what to do next, but they think of appealing to the Game Commissioners for permission to shoot at the deer with the idea of teaching them their proper place.

Unless something be done soon the deer epidemic may extend to New York. Ensnared by their successes at Sayville and Bohemia these ravenous and fearless beasts may swim the river and devastate Madison square. Some of the statues would doubtless fall as scarecrows, but there is nothing to prevent the deer from nibbling the bouquet of George Francis Train every day and breaking his proud heart. The statues are not without their uses, but they think of appealing to the Game Commissioners for permission to shoot at the deer with the idea of teaching them their proper place.

The Police Athletic Club will present an attractive card to-night, when Fatsy Broderick and Mike Sears will meet in a twenty-round encounter. The chief event will be preceded by two ten-round bouts, introducing Frank Smith and Jimmy Barnett and George Simpson and Jimmy Johnson.

The Police Athletic Club to-night, and it promises to be a peppy meeting. This event will feature two ten-round encounters, the contestants being Jimmy Gorman, of Paterson, and Eddie Vaughn, of Trenton, at 110 pounds, and Jack Burge, of Mt. Vernon, and Billy Moore, of Syracuse, at 125 pounds.

BORDEN ON OTHERS, HE SOUGHT DEATH.

Aged Professor Dennison, of Haledon, Dying of Self-Inflicted Wounds.

RETIRED FOUR YEARS AGO.
After His Dismissal Came Mental and Physical Weakness and Poverty.

Professor J. D. Dennison, seventy-three years old, one of New Jersey's educators, who has a record remarkable for fidelity and hard work, is dying at his home in Haledon, a suburb of Paterson, as the result of self-inflicted wounds. His attempt at suicide, made yesterday, was a most pathetic one. He had grown helpless and sought by suicide to relieve his wife of the burden of his support.

For eighteen years Professor Dennison was principal of the Haledon school, holding the position until four years ago, when the township authorities decided that it was necessary to have a younger man with more up-to-date ideas. Professor Dennison never recovered from the blow of his dismissal. Previously, although aging fast, he had been vigorous and cheerful, but afterward he grew rapidly feeble in mind and body. From the window of his home, one hundred yards from the school, where all his interest in life was still centered, he would watch the children passing to and fro daily and brood over his misfortunes.

His meagre salary had all along been barely sufficient to support himself and wife, and now his faithful helpmate had a hard task to make ends meet. Finally Dennison had to take to his bed, and doctors' bills were added to the household expenses. Yesterday he was able to sit up and was irritable because his physician failed to call. He demanded that his wife should go into the city for his medicine. Before she started he had her move him to his favorite seat at the window and get out his old razor, as he said the village barber was to cut and purchase them. As she went to leave he told her he kissed her fondly, bade her good-by and then, under pretence of arranging her veil, kissed her again.

He returned she found him lying on the kitchen floor, half conscious, with his head resting upon a hassock that was covered with blood. Believing he had had a hemorrhage, she summoned the aid of a neighbor named Mickler, who found that the aged pedagogue had severed an artery in his wrist, and then, fearing that death would come, he had attempted to cut his throat, but had been too feeble to sever the jugular vein. Medical aid was summoned and then it became known that the old professor would die. On account of his great age it is almost impossible that he will survive the wounds which he inflicted, although the younger man might readily do so. The dullness of his razor had much to do with his failure to more quickly cause death.

Dennison expressed contrition for his deed when he noted the distress of his wife, but said, apologetically, that he had grown weary of watching her efforts to maintain a subsistence for them both, and, knowing that her own children would care for her when he was gone, he thought it best to sacrifice his life.

Professor Dennison was twice married, but had no children. He was for years a member of the Passaic County Board of Examiners.

MAZEPPA IN REAL LIFE.
Two Infuriated Brothers Tie an Offending Lad on a Bronco and Drive It Over a Precipice.

Perry, O. T., April 25.—From Washita County there has just been received an extraordinary story of a Mazeppa-like punishment inflicted by two desperate brothers on a lad to avenge a wrong done their sister.

John and Samuel Hunt are the names of two bachelor farmers who live on the Washita River and with them worked as help a young fellow of sixteen named Johnnie Goodall. For some months past a young sister of the two brothers has been with them, and on Thursday last they made the discovery that between her and the lad there had sprung up a reprehensible intimacy.

The first inclination of the brothers, who are known as men of hot temper, was to do away with the lad on a sudden shift, but later they decided on a more reliable scheme of revenge. They lassoed a bronco, tied the boy spread-eagle fashion over the animal's back and then drove the horse over the mountains and then over a precipice into the Washita River.

Thinking the boy killed the Hunts left the country, but his fate would have been different had he been rescued by another rancher and was found to be more frightened than hurt, although the horse was dead.

COULDN'T BURY HIS CHILD.
Body of the Infant Found in Alley with the Parents' Scribbled Explanation.

The body of a six-months-old male infant was found in the alley adjacent to No. 1931 Madison avenue yesterday by Edward Bentman, janitor of the flat at that number. He called Roundman Santry, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street Station, and turned the body over to him.

An examination disclosed a note attached to the garments of the child, which read: "Too poor to bury my child, I'm writing you in a large hand, presumably a man's, and on coarse paper, which might have been torn from a notebook. The body was taken to the Morgue."

ARRESTED AGENT MAKES CHARGES.

E. S. Farrow, of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

LOCKED UP BY THE POLICE.
Now Talks Haughtily of Persecution and Says He Was Asked to Do Wrong Things.

Lieutenant Edward S. Farrow, for whom the police of Pittsburgh have some time been looking on charges of conspiracy in connection with alleged insurance frauds, was arrested at the Grand Central Depot yesterday morning by Detectives Fox and Price, of the Central Squad, and locked up in a cell at Police Headquarters.

According to his own statement he had been hiding in Canada, and only returned to this country when he learned that ball had been secured for him. This will not be offered here, but in Pittsburgh, where he will be taken to-day.

Yesterday afternoon Farrow made a public statement, in part as follows: "I am general superintendent of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Insurance Association, whose headquarters are at No. 309 Broadway. Some time ago I was sent to Pittsburgh to do important things and fight the battles of the association. This I continued to do until they asked me to go too far and then I quit, and that is the reason why I am not here."

"I have written hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of insurance for the Mutual Reserve, and while in Pittsburgh among other lines written by me was that of 'creditor' insurance for Lyndon Woods & Co., bankers and brokers. That firm is said to be a part of this association, and I have written insurance for the purpose of securing a line of credits with the big banks."

"I left Pittsburgh four weeks ago and went to Philadelphia. I secured a statement from some of the opposition insurance companies learned of the large amount of 'creditor' insurance I had written, and they were very angry and they began an attack on that association."

"To offset this President Frederick A. Burnham, of the Mutual Reserve, has sent his most experienced and youthful member of the revision department, Charles A. Harper, to Pittsburgh."

"Harper, acting lastly and very ill advisedly, had C. Bradford Wood arrested and took possession of his office and its contents. Then, after laboring with Woods for some time, he secured a statement from the latter which incriminated me and everyone else he knew. Hearing of this in Philadelphia, I at once came to New York and went to my office in the Mutual Reserve Building and remained there until last Tuesday."

"During all that time I had many consultations with President Burnham, and his statement that he did not know where I was is absolutely false. I was offered a very large sum of money to go to Pittsburgh and stay there until this thing blew over. I do not care to say who offered me the money, at least at this time."

"On last Tuesday I went to Pittsburgh to face the charge of conspiracy against me, but, finding that I could not procure bail, I thought it wise to absent myself until that was arranged. Accordingly I went to Canada."

"President Burnham, of the Mutual Reserve, denied all of Farrow's allegations in the strongest possible terms last night. He said the man was not an officer of the Mutual Reserve; he was an agent with a writing commission, but he claimed to have great influence in naval and military circles, he was given the complimentary title of superintendent of the naval and military departments of the association."

"The man sees the doors of the penitentiary gaping for him," said Mr. Burnham, "and is making false charges in the hope that they will either assist his case or cause the association to let up on him. But he is deceiving himself if he thinks the Mutual Reserve will either abandon the prosecution or consent to any modified prosecution. We shall push the case to the bitter end, for we have knowledge that the man is an evildoer and a villain, who ought to be in jail for the benefit of the general public. His statement is all balderdash; there is not a word of truth in it from the beginning to the end. As for the Mutual Reserve, I do not think we need defend ourselves against such an onslaught from a criminal like Farrow. Our statutes are sworn to by men who have lived reputable lives in the community, and whose names alone are sufficient guarantee of the fidelity of the charges of any man, who has been living a criminal life for years."



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SOME ONE STOLE A CLUB CHARTER.

That Means Ruin or Fortune in the Latter Raines Law Days.

IT HUNG UPON THE WALL.
The Elmwood Pleasure Club Owns It, and Under It Could "Likker" Any Day.

A club charter has been stolen!

To the man who doesn't know the value of such a charter nowadays this may seem a trifling thing, but its disappearance has caused consternation among the members of the Elmwood Pleasure Club.

Under the new Raines law a club chartered previous to the passage of the old Raines law may still dispense liquor at any hour of any day in the year. A chartered club may move anywhere and the charter is good.

Since the amended Raines law went into effect charters are worth from \$500 to \$1,500 each.

That is why the members of the Elmwood clubhouse, at No. 103 West Twenty-eighth street, looked desolate and the members forlorn last night.

The charter that hung upon the wall is gone.

How it went is a mystery. It appears that on April 18, 1906, the Elmwood Pleasure Club was incorporated at Albany for the purpose of social and intellectual intercourse among its members. It had quarters uptown, and five months ago moved to its present home. It is a flourishing organization, and has among its members business men, bookmakers, horse owners, actors, etc.

Manager Shaw slept in the clubhouse Friday night and was awakened at 7 o'clock Saturday morning. He says he stayed about the clubhouse until 9 o'clock and then went out, leaving Tom, the colored man, in charge. The charter was upon the wall when he left, he says.

He has learned since that at 10 o'clock the woman who cleans the house came in and did her work, leaving at 11 o'clock. At 4 o'clock Tom rushed breathlessly into Manager's cafe, on Twenty-ninth street, and asked Mr. Shaw if he had put the charter away. Mr. Shaw was surprised, and said that he had not.

"Well, then, it's stolen," declared Tom. Manager Shaw has notified the police and sent a letter notifying the Secretary of State of the loss, and applying for a duplicate.

FOUR CENT CAR FARE.
It Will Be Brought Up in Chicago to Knock Out a Corporate Steal.

Chicago, April 25.—Alderman William Mangler, of the Twenty-first Ward, will to-morrow night introduce a four-cent fare ordinance in the City Council.

He will do so not only because he believes under existing conditions 4 cents is a fair price to charge for carrying a passenger, but with the idea that if the Humphreys bill should pass the Legislature and become a law that feature of it whereby the companies would be allowed to charge five-cent fares for a period of fifty years would be done away with.

NO SMALLPOX CASES THERE.
Rumor That the Disease Had Got a Footing in the Catholic Orphan Asylum Denied.

Mother Martha, the sweet-faced little sister of charity who has charge of the 600 inmates of the big Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum on Fifth avenue and Fifty-first street, was the most annoyed woman in all New York yesterday. An unfounded rumor was sent abroad by some one that the Board of Health had discovered several cases of smallpox in the asylum and that they would either assist his case or cause the association to let up on him. But he is deceiving himself if he thinks the Mutual Reserve will either abandon the prosecution or consent to any modified prosecution. We shall push the case to the bitter end, for we have knowledge that the man is an evildoer and a villain, who ought to be in jail for the benefit of the general public. His statement is all balderdash; there is not a word of truth in it from the beginning to the end. As for the Mutual Reserve, I do not think we need defend ourselves against such an onslaught from a criminal like Farrow. Our statutes are sworn to by men who have lived reputable lives in the community, and whose names alone are sufficient guarantee of the fidelity of the charges of any man, who has been living a criminal life for years."

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AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

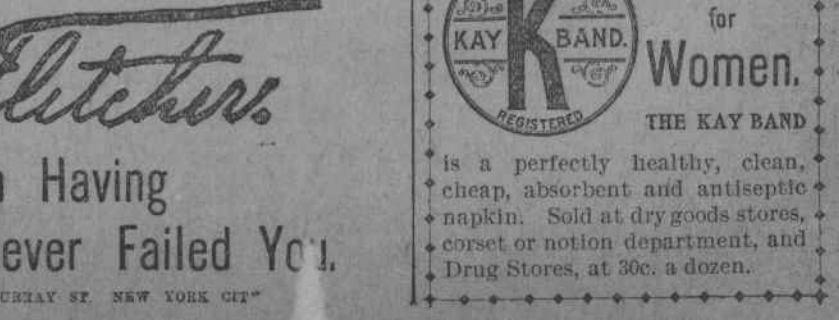
WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company, of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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